

Caribou-Hunting in Cassiar



OUR PACK-HORSES



A 16-INCH CARIBOU WITH FINE TOPS

THE weather seemed set fine and I felt so elated with my previous success with the moose that when my hunter, Albert, proposed a retreat up the trail of five miles to a high sugar-loaf mountain on the Tuya mountains, I consented. I meant to take some chances in a second attempt to get the big caribou. Soon we reached a point opposite the mountain, and then the hard work began. I drove the horses and the Indians went in front cutting down trees, for we had to force our own trail.

Snow was falling when we got into camp, so Albert put up his own little tent and alongside it the small shelter which he always carried for his four dogs. After supper, having fed the dogs, the trapper sat late over the fire smoking his pipe, when, looking over his shoulder, he saw an immense wolf standing at his side. As he moved the wolf gripped him firmly by the shoulder, but did not succeed in throwing him down. It might be thought that the dogs which were lying on the other side of the fire would have growled and at once attacked the wolf, but this was not the case with the dogs of Cassiar. On the contrary, they retreated into their shelter, where they set up a dismal howl of fear.

Albert seems to have kept his head with admirable presence of mind, and being unable to reach the ax or rifle, he grabbed the first weapon that came handiest, namely, a burning brand from the fire. With this he struck the wolf three times lightly on the nose, when it at length let go, and he gave it a stunning crack over the head. The wolf now slunk away.

September 20 is one of the red-letter days of my life, so I must give it in full. At dawn we moved our outfit about four miles to the highest clump of wood. The walking for once was easy and firm, and as we forced our way through the last of the willow scrub, one of the finest landscapes in the world was spread before our wondering eyes. Four thousand feet below was the Tanizilla, lost in great golden splashes of cotton-wood, birch and poplar. Successions of deep green fir woods rolled away to the west as far as the grand canyon of the Stikine, and looking beyond were huge mountains between that river and the Inkoot now covered with deep and permanent snow. It was a glorious day for spying, and on every point of commanding eminence we stopped and worked the glass industriously. There were hundreds of likely spots for the great caribou, but not one could we find.

"I guess wolves scare him right out of the country," said Albert, as he closed the glass with an irritable snap.

We had now walked about 12 miles, and I was feeling very tired and had great difficulty in breathing in the rarefied atmosphere.

"We will just look this last valley," said Albert, moving to the left. I searched with the glass and then gave it to Albert, who had hardly placed it to his eye when he dropped it, excitedly exclaiming:

"Caribou! plenty big bulls!"

I tore the telescope from his hand and, looking in the direction he pointed, saw a herd of over 50 caribou, including at least 12 bulls. Our first move was to descend into the valley and hide the horse.

The wind was blowing directly in our faces, so that all went well until we reached the last stick of cover.

From this point we had a fine view of the caribou, many of which had by this time risen to their feet and were descending the hill. They stopped frequently to feed, and it was fully half an hour before the first stag, accompanied by two or three hinds, stood opposite our hiding place. What

an immense beast he looked, and how keen I should have been to kill him had I not seen something better.

Presently another grand stag came by, but I resisted the temptation to shoot and kept my eyes glued on the big fellow who was still lying down. Finally, he arose, surrounded by five large females. I never supposed for an instant but that he would do aught but follow the others, but to my great disgust he turned and walked the other way. My heart sank to the depths of despair. Even the phlegmatic Albert fidgeted and almost said something. He kept looking intently at the herd on our left, and I could read his thoughts as he mentally planned a fresh stalk at the main herd. But even to look in that direction signified an admission of weakness on my part, so I kept the glass glued on the object of my desires till my eyes ached at watching his slow, measured steps. Again and again he stopped and looked back at his late companions, and then my heart sank as each time he dropped his massive horns and followed in the wake of the ladies, who had now commenced to snatch a few mouthfuls of food. But what is this? He has started and is galloping full speed. Has something frightened him or has some fresh bull appeared to excite his jealousy, for he is a master bull without doubt and the rut is near. He rushes beyond the leading doe and then down goes his head. The show of power drives the frightened does together and then back on the trail. They hesitate a moment and then start off at full gallop towards us. What joy! Our luck has turned. Albert's face is a study. He is incredulous and then excited. "They come now," he says to himself.

It was a recompense for the hardships of the journey to see that little troop advancing. I knew they would follow the line of the others and thus pass within easy shot. Moreover, I felt that I had been right to wait, and that pleases any man's vanity. On and on they came till the stag began to grow in size—500 yards, 400 yards, 300 yards. Now they stop and smell about the old tracks, for caribou like to follow the exact trail of others of their kind. Then an old hind puts out her neck, cocks her ears and trots slowly down the hill towards our hiding place. Albert worms himself into a desirable support behind my right shoulder, and all is in readiness for his majesty. The nearer he comes the bigger his horns look and, although not long, they contain a forest of points such as I had never seen before. A merciful Providence causes the bull to stop just where the others had stood, but he is covered by two hinds and I must wait till they have moved. He pokes one gently out of the way and then himself moves forward a step or two to smell the earth. It is enough; the sight is on his shoulder and I let go. He swings round once, shaking his head, and then rolls over with all four legs in the air. I give a whoop of triumph, for those great antlers are mine, and I rush down the hill for the possible chance of a long shot at one of the stags on the opposite hill. They are 500 yards away at least, and all jammed together in a solid pack as a result of the shot. A little forest of antlers stands out above a darkness of bodies. It is hopeless to fire, as the stags are all at the back, and I must wait till they string out and run. Now they are off, tearing over the hills in a mad race. One stag shows to the right on the skyline and I salute him with two shots. But it is hopeless, as I cannot see the striking point of the bullets. A loud call on the part of Albert now directs my attention to the stag I had shot, and I see him struggling to regain his feet, so I at once place a bullet through the lungs, which produces immediate collapse. The first shot, it seems, had gone a little to high and too far forward, between the neck and shoulder.

I have killed many fine stags in other lands, but I shall always remember that day on the glorious Tuya mountains when a little self-restraint met with a result equal to one's highest hopes.

J. G. MILLAIS.

Improved Tack Hammer.
A tack hammer, the head of which folds into a recess in the stick for convenience in carrying, has been patented by a Pennsylvanian.

To Bring Countries Closer.
Penny postage is proposed between Great Britain and Turkey.

For the Hostess

Chat on Interesting Topics of Many Kinds, by a Recognized Authority

Dinner Favors.

We are never too old to admire things freely, and the hostess who desires to give favors has a wide selection from which to choose for almost any occasion. A clever person with deft fingers can make charming cards and bonbon boxes; the latter may be round or square, six or eight sided, heart or diamond shaped. Recently I saw dainty pink satin boxes, oval in shape, the cover bearing a photograph on satin of the ship on which the guest of honor at this dinner party was to sail.

For bridal affairs, the monogram of the happy pair in gold on white satin are very elegant. They may contain wedding cake or bonbons. Small baskets of various styles are lovely used as nut or sweetmeat holders; sometimes an artificial or real flower is tied to the handle; for instance, a bunch of forget-me-nots, at a farewell luncheon; or pansies, for "thoughts." The wee jardiniere in brass or china are very popular for favors, containing one single flower; this, a stiff style of decoration is very effective, especially used with a round table; each jardiniere contributes to the circle that is formed by one at each place.

Many of the new place cards are made to stand upright, especially when a figure motif is used, and for some bridal or pre-nuptial affairs, little dolls dressed as bride and groom and maids, either form the centerpiece under a suspended wedding bell or there is a figure at each place bearing the name card. Dealers furnish bell-shaped boxes for weddings, in fact, nearly every design is obtainable or may be ordered.

Meaning of Rosemary.

The correspondent who asks the meaning of the word "Rosemary" may be glad to know that the word means "fragrance," and I am sure she will be happy to have a copy of the dear little verset given below, which was written by Alice Penn Coffin on the first birthday of a dear child whose mother's name was Mary. While it was not written for publication, I feel that every mother who has a "Rosemary" should have the winsome lines, so here they are in our department, although they do not come under the class of "novel entertainments." It would be most appropriate to read them at a "Rosemary's" birthday party:

TO ROSEMARY.
When the blest Mother Mary,
In Nazareth far away,
Worked for the little Christ child,
By the brook, at dawn of day,
She took his tiny garments
And spread them in the sun
Upon the plants of rosemary,
And dried them one by one.
The dainty leaves were mindful
Of the linen sheet and white
And held it to the breeze,
And spread it to the light;
And lo—a subtle fragrance
Was left upon the plant—
And to this day the rosemary
With spice is emanant.

Dear Maid—Your mother Mary
Gives you this name so sweet,
For in you the fragrant rosemary,
And the sunny child soul meet.

List of Wedding Anniversaries.
Every so often the query comes for the list of wedding celebrations. It has been a year now since the list appeared and we reprint for the benefit of the many who ask for it.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.
First year—Cotton.
Second year—Paper.
Third year—Leather.
Fifth year—Wooden.

Seventh year—Woolen.
Tenth year—Tin.
Twelfth year—Silk and fine linen.
Fifteenth year—Crystal.
Twentieth year—China.
Twenty-fifth year—Silver.
Thirtieth year—Pearl.
Fortieth year—Ruby.
Fiftieth year—Golden.
Seventy-fifth year—Diamond.

Supper Parties.

The informal old-fashioned supper party, at which all the viands are placed on the table, is being revived, especially for Sunday evening. No servant need be in attendance, perfect freedom reigns, each guest feels at liberty to contribute his services, toasting bread, making some delicate concoction in the chafing dish, mixing a salad, or brewing the coffee or tea. These spreads may be before or after evening service, or after the theater. A mother can do more by having such affairs for her young people at home than by any amount of preaching or talking at club on "How to Keep Our Young People at Home."

Meaning of Foreign Words on Menu Cards.

So many young correspondents have asked the meaning of foreign words on menu cards that I give a few, and will give more some other time. Will all interested please cut out and keep for future reference?

Café—Coffee.
Demi-tasse—After dinner cup of coffee.
Frappe—Semi or half-frozen.
Fricassee—Stew.
Fromage—Cheese.
Glace—Frozen.
Café au lait—Coffee with hot milk.
Neufchâtel—A soft Swiss cheese.
Parmesan—An Italian cheese.
Timbale—Pie crust baked in a mold.
Crostons—Bread fried in squares, used for soup and in garnishings.
Bouillon—A clear broth, usually of beef.
Au gratin—Dishes baked, prepared with cheese.
Menu—Bill of fare.
Purée—Ingredients rubbed through a sieve, usually the term given a thick strained soup.
Fruit—Various kinds of fruits (chopped fine).
Consomme—Clear soup.
Jus—Gravy or juice of meats.

MADAME MERRI.

LANCIES OF FASHION

Velvet is a leader in the line of fashionable fabrics. Delightfully "comfy" are the kimono and dressing gowns of duckling fleece.

To be quite up-to-date the chemises of Irish lace must be made over dotted net.

Jet is popular again this season, both as ornaments and for the decoration of gowns.

Little silk ties with braided ribbon bows are chic accessories for the skirt waist.

Striped diagonal chevrons are one of the smart and practical materials for suits and coats.

The jaunty military jacket is putting in a claim for favor in the world of fashion, and bids fair to win out.

Wonderfully beautiful ball gowns are made of two-tone satin with a jetted chiffon tunic held up by garlands of flowers and loops of velvet ribbon.

Use of Gold Lace.

Gauzy gold lace is a favorite combination in the evening gowns of diaphanous fabrics for the tiny sleeve and tucker, which the smartest models show. A black liberty satin princess gown, so finished, is one of the season's best models.

Frocks for Child



The figure on the left is a child's play frock of king's blue linen over jumps of white lawn.

The figure on the right is a house frock for a child, of embroidered heavy cotton edged with blue bands.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Canada's Day of Thanks a Month Earlier Than in the United States.

For some reason better known to the Canadians themselves than to the people on this side of the line, our Canadian cousins celebrated their Thanksgiving a month or more earlier than we do. It may be that the Canadian turkey had become impatient, and sounded a note of warning, or it may be that the "frost on the pumpkin" declared itself. But whatever the reason, their Thanksgiving day is past. It may have been that the reasons for giving thanks so much earlier than we do were pushing themselves so hard and so fast that the Canadians were ashamed to postpone the event. They have had reasons, and good ones, too, for giving thanks. Their great broad areas of prairie land have yielded in abundance, and here, by the way, it is not uninteresting to the friends of the millions of Americans who have made their home in Canada during the past few years to know that they have participated most generously in the "cutting of the melon." Probably the western portion of Canada, comprising the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have the greatest reason of any of the provinces to express in the most enthusiastic manner their gratitude. The results in the line of production give ample reason for devout thanksgiving to Providence. This year has surpassed all others in so far as the total increase in the country's wealth is concerned. There is no question that Providence was especially generous. The weather conditions were perfect, and during the ripening and harvesting period, there was nothing to interfere. And now it was well it was so, for with a demand for labor that could not be supplied, there was the greatest danger, but with suitable weather the garnering of the grain has been successfully accomplished. There have been low general averages, but these are accounted for by the fact that farmers were indifferent, relying altogether upon what a good soil would do. There will be no more low averages though, for this year has shown what good, careful farming will do. It will produce 130 million bushels of wheat from seven million acres, and it will produce a splendid lot of oats, yielding anywhere from 50 to 100 bushels per acre. This on land that has cost but from \$10 to \$15 per acre—many farmers have realized sufficient from this year's crop to pay the entire cost of their farms. The Toronto Globe says:

"The whole population of the West rejoices in the bounty of Providence, and sends out a message of gratitude and appreciation of the favors which have been bestowed on the country. The cheerfulness which has abounded with industry during the past six months has not obliterated the conception of the source from which the blessings have flown, and the good feeling is combined with a spirit of thankfulness for the privilege of living in so fruitful a land. The misfortunes of the past are practically forgotten, because there is great cause to contemplate with satisfaction the comforts of the present. Thanksgiving should be a season of unusual enthusiasm."

Misery.

The neighbor's dog sits out on the front lawn and howls dismally. The man in the window looks out and yells: "Sh-h-h, you beast!" The dog continues to howl. The man again comes to the window and this time hurls a shoe at the dog. Still the animal howls. Another shoe follows. The next day the man's wife goes around in her stocking feet because she can't find her shoes. The man hasn't the price of another pair of shoes for her, and the next night the dog howls louder than ever.

Robs Woman's Home, Left Guarded by Animal, and Writes Note to His Victim.

Rockford, Ill.—"Your bulldog is a sociable fellow; treat him nice; he and I struck up quite a friendship and I hated to leave him."

"BURGLAR."

That note written on perfumed stationery taken from her writing desk, the desk from which the burglar had stolen her gold watch, was found by Mrs. William Johnson of 1224 South West street, on her return home from a shopping expedition. The dog had been left to guard the house and was sleeping on a rug.

Investigation revealed the loss of \$200 worth of jewelry and silverware. The thief entered through a rear window, fed the dog and ransacked the house.

A Painless Death.

A teacher in the factory district of a New Jersey town had been giving the children earnest lectures upon the poisonousness of dirt.

One morning a little girl raised her hand excitedly and pointed to a boy who seldom had clean hands.

"Teacher," she said, "look quick! Jimmie's committin' suicide! He's suckin' his thumb."—Success Magazine.

Good Place for Camels.

Gov. Glascock of West Virginia, while traveling through Arizona, noticed the dry, dusty appearance of the country.

"Doesn't it ever rain around here?" he asked one of the natives.

"Rain?" the native spat. "Rain? Why, say, pardner, there's bullfrogs in this yere town over five years old that hain't learned to swim yet."—Everybody's Magazine.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Always use it to break in new shoes. Sold by all Druggists. See Trial package mailed Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lefton, New York.

Afterward.

Bachelor—Are wives as expensive as they are said to be?

Alimony Victim—Not while they are wives.

MOTHER GIVES UP LIFE, BUT CHILDREN PERISH

Grave Woman and Little Son Fight Flames in Vain—Five Cremated Alive.

Pittsburg, Pa.—While vainly battling to save the lives of her children who were sleeping in upstairs rooms, Mrs. Frances A. Marlow, aged 37, and four children were burned to death in a fire which completely destroyed their home near Sandy Creek, Penn. township. The children who lost their lives are: Clyde Marlow, aged 12; Isa Marlow, aged five; William Marlow, Jr., aged three, and Glenn Marlow, aged six months. Lisle Marlow, aged 11, the only other member of the family at home at the time of the fire, had a narrow escape from death.

The husband and father, William Marlow, is in Butler county on a



Was Overcome by Smoke and Fell.

hunting trip, and has not learned of the tragedy. The two oldest boys, Frank and Clifford, went to work early in the morning, and shortly after they had left the house a lamp exploded in the kitchen, where Mrs. Marlow and Clyde were eating breakfast. Seeing she could not extinguish the flames, Mrs. Marlow told Clyde to go to the room where Lisle and the baby were sleeping and get them out of the house.

The boy succeeded in arousing Lisle, who made his escape. Clyde then took little William in his arms and was trying to get down the stairs when he was overcome by the smoke and fell. Mrs. Marlow went to the room occupied by Isa and the baby, Glenn, but she was also overcome by the smoke and was unable to rescue the children. The charred bodies of the mother and four children were found in the cellar after the house was burned to the ground.

Lisle, scarcely clad and dazed by fright, ran to the house of a neighbor, William Stoner, who gave the alarm. William Marlow, Sr., grandfather of the children, who lives about a mile away, on the Frankstown road, was also notified, and hurried to the home of his son. When neighbors arrived the flames had gained such headway that nothing could be done to save the house or its contents.

BURGLAR LIKES THE BULLDOG

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HAPPINESS IN ONE'S WORK

Only in Proper Employment Can There Be Found the Real Joy of Life.

The joy of life is the joy of work well done. Husbands love their wives, but, oh, their work! Wives, notable for housekeeping, for wise motherhood, or the particular kind of social helpfulness in which women so shine, burn incense of affection to their lords, yet have constant delight in their duties.

Many fortunate men fall into work from the start which gets the warmth of their heart as much as their strength and muscle and activity of brain. But there are far too many who snatch at any employment and find themselves condemned to it. They sweat and groan and so add to their unhappiness. They butt their heads against stone walls and then wonder at the bruises.

Let's preach a bit. If the work is not to one's first liking try to make it so. Complaining will do no good; sulking embitters. Put the best that's in you in the job, and it's dollars to doughnuts that the job will pay you back. It will grow easier and more agreeable. In time a genuine liking for it may be developed. And then will come the best of happiness.

RECIPE FOR CATARRH.

Furnished by High Medical Authority.

Gives Prompt Results.
The only logical treatment for catarrh is through the blood. A prescription which has recently proved wonderfully effective in hospital work is the following. It is easily mixed.

"One ounce compound syrup of Sarsaparilla; one ounce Toris compound; half pint first-class whiskey." These to be mixed by shaking well in a bottle, and used in tablespoon doses before each meal and at bedtime.

The ingredients can be gotten from any well stocked druggist, or he will get them from his wholesale house.

THE "NEW" NOVEL.



"Have you read my last book, Mr. Goodchild?"

"Well, no—to tell the truth, my mother won't allow me to."

Prove It at Our Expense.

Housewives who have used the old fashioned dyes only have the idea that each fabric requires a separate dye. Thousands of women who have used Dyola Dyes know that Dyola will give a fast brilliant color to either cotton, wool, silk or mixed goods. To prove it, we will send a 10c package, any color, with color card and book of directions, absolutely free, to any woman who will send her name and dealer's name to Dyola, Burlington, Vt.

Ready for the End.

The rector and a farmer were discussing the subject of pork one day and the rector displayed considerable interest in a pen of good-sized Berkshire. "Those pigs of yours are in fine condition, Tomkinson," he remarked. "Yes, sir; they be," replied the matter-of-fact farmer. "Ah, sir, if we was all of us only as fit to die as they be, sir, we'd do."—London News.

On to the Pole!

When word of the discovery of the north pole came to Chattanooga, a slightly deaf old lady remarked unctuously: "Well, now I always said them Cook tourists got about 'most everywhere. I ain't a bit surprised to hear that one of 'em's reached the top notch in the traveling line."—Lippincott's.

Well Posted.

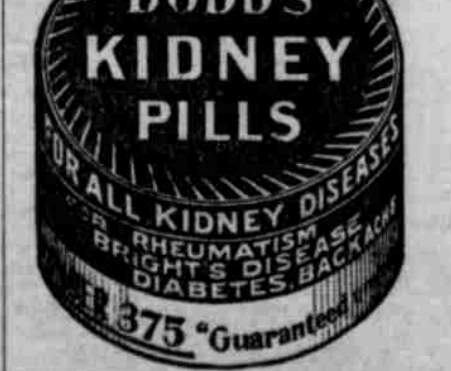
"Is he well posted?"

"Yes, at every club he belongs to."—Harvard Lampoon.

DOCTOR YOURSELF

When you feel a cold coming on try taking a few doses of Perry Davis Painkiller. It is better than Quinine and safer. The large 50c bottles are the cheapest.

To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.



PILES

A sample will relieve and demonstrate to you that Cheney's Medicated Cream will cure all forms of Piles. Send your name and address and we will mail you a FREE SAMPLE.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., 1225 Adams St., Toledo, O.

Manufacturers of Hall's Catarrh Cure

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S

FOR THE PROMPT RELIEF OF ASTHMA & HAY FEVER

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT

It is filled with purest cod liver oil and cod liver oil.

Thompson's Eye Water